

AWAKENING

Lessons
From
Beyond
The Veil

Suzanne Giesemann

AWAKENING

Lessons From Beyond The Veil



*From an Emptiness That Can't Be Filled
To a Fullness That Cannot Be Contained*

By

SUZANNE GIESEMAN

AWAKENING

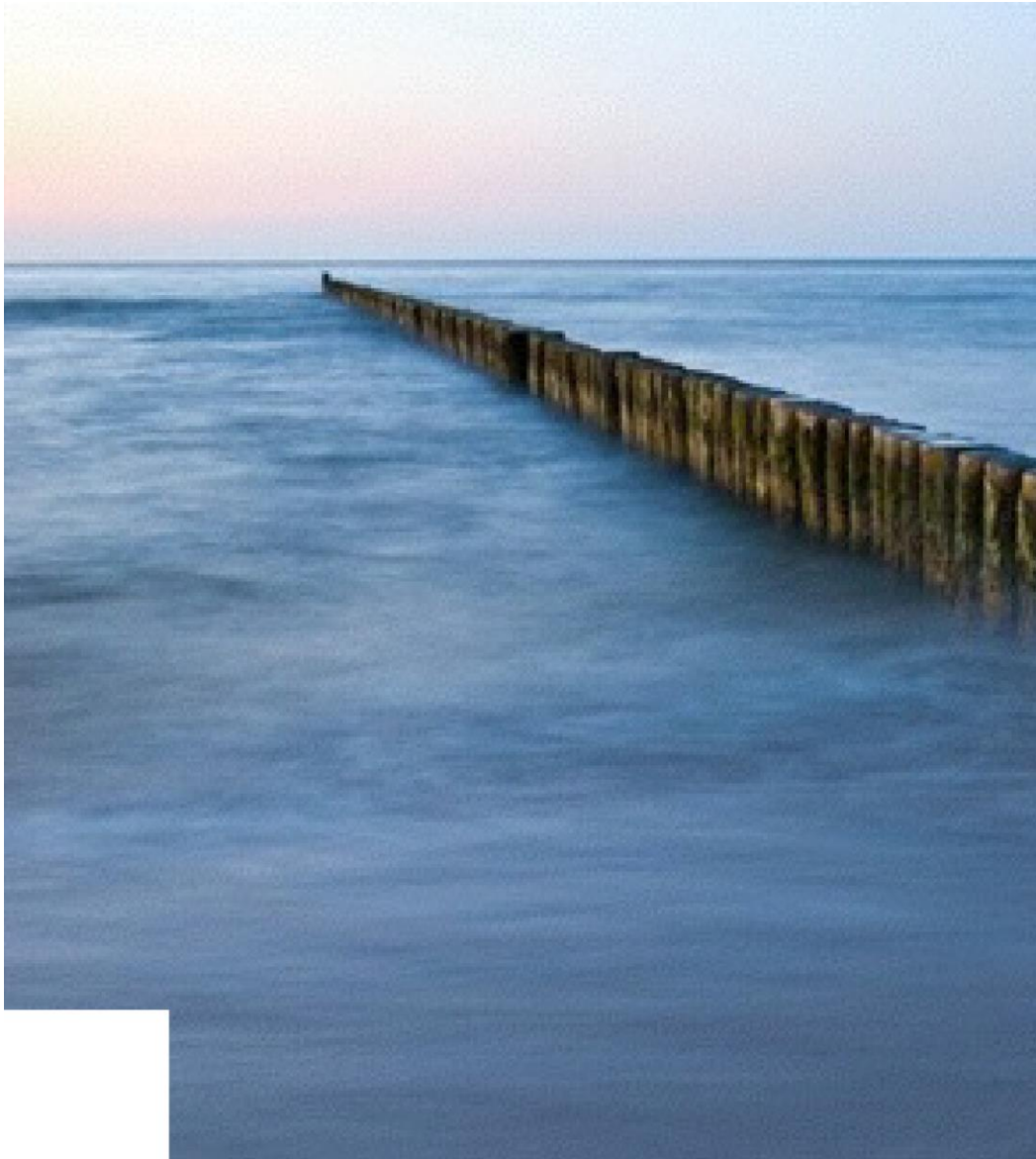
Lessons From Beyond The Veil

By

Suzanne Gieseemann

Copyright © 2016, Suzanne Gieseemann

*All rights reserved. No part of this document may be
reproduced in any form or by any means,
electronic or mechanical, including photocopying,
recording, or by any information
storage and retrieval system, without permission
in writing from the publisher.*





For Susan. You are my inspiration.



Messages of Hope From Beyond

Is divine guidance available to us at all times? Do we truly have access to inspiration and wisdom beyond our present consciousness? In the silence of meditation I heard the words. Eyes closed, paper in my lap, I wrote the sentences as they came to me. This had happened before. The sentiments were beautiful, but each time I couldn't stop myself from thinking, *I'm making this up*.

Yes, by then I'd written two books about mediums, and was practicing as a medium myself -bringing through unmistakable evidence for those who sat with me that their loved ones were around. Still, where was the *evidence* that the words I heard alone in the silence weren't my own thoughts?

For most of my life, I was a "prove it to me" kind of person. I was not one to talk about unseen helpers. The people who knew me would not have expected me

to talk about things of the spirit. I enjoyed a full career serving our country as a U.S. Navy officer. I worked at the highest levels, having the honor of being a commanding officer, a special assistant to the Chief of Naval Operations, and the aide-de-camp to the nation's highest ranking military officer, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

As the right-hand-woman to the head of the United States military, I got to visit the Oval Office and conduct business in the White House Strategy Room. I met with kings, queens, and princes. I sat in on Top Secret hearings on Capitol Hill, and attended meetings in the inner sanctum of the Pentagon Command Center.

Along the way I earned a Master's Degree in National Security Affairs and traveled to 56 countries. The medals on the dress uniform that hangs in my closet include the Defense Distinguished Service Medal and the Combat Action Ribbon. In short, for twenty years I did most things very much by the book.

Nothing in my background gave me any indication that there was a non-physical reality. I had no idea that I could tune into other dimensions. It was a single phone call that propelled me on the unexpected journey I now follow. That call—every parent's worst nightmare—informed us that my step-daughter, Susan, a sergeant in the Marine Corps, had been struck and killed by lightning. She was six months pregnant at the time.

Susan's tragic passing left me answering questions that I had pushed to the side after being a personal witness to the horrors of 9/11. Looking at Susan's body in the coffin, I suddenly knew there had to be more to life than this physical world. I

knew there was no way that her vibrant spirit could not still exist, albeit in a different form.

That sense of knowing there is more led me in search of evidence of life after death. After visiting with several mediums and receiving verifiable evidence that Susan's spirit survived the lightning strike that killed her physical body and her unborn baby, my worldview changed. I could no longer deny that this physical world is not the only reality. I went on to write several books about mediumship, and in the process I discovered the ability to communicate quite clearly with those on the other side.

I have given well over a thousand readings, bringing through irrefutable evidence to my clients that their loved ones who have passed are not gone forever. Not only have I learned that we are eternal beings, I have discovered that we are not the only beings to inhabit the universe.

Communicating with deceased humans opened me to personal experience with levels of consciousness far beyond the “entry-level” spirit world. I would not make such a claim if I were not able to back it up with verifiable evidence. But where was the evidence that the beautiful phrases I occasionally heard in my daily meditations were not my own?

And then it hit me with unexpected clarity that day when the words came one after another: These weren't just random thoughts . . . these words were *rhyming* :



*. . . The world is ready for these your words.
They wait and listen with wings like birds.
For ours is yours and yours is ours.
Such is the greatness of the Great Spirit's powers.*

*Blessed are all who know these truths.
Shout it, blast it, from the roofs.
Be our voice, we work with you.
We come to speak of beauty true.*

*Divine is the light of which we speak.
Beauty lies in the watch we keep.
Speak of love, speak of beauty . . .
This, my dear, is your great duty . . .*

Line after line flowed from my pen to the paper, only to be forgotten as I listened for the next. I felt the bottom of the page brush my hand and I turned to a fresh sheet. After three pages the words finally stopped. Now it was my tears that flowed as I realized the *brilliance* of the spirit world. They knew that I would never believe that I hadn't authored the words myself, so they sent me a poet.

Yes, as an author and a speaker, words were my tools, but poetry was alien to me. With my black and white brain, honed from 20 years as a navy officer, I'd always felt there was only one way to interpret poetry. In my rigid mind, if I didn't get that interpretation "right," then I had failed. So I stuck to prose ... until the day the poetry started.

Thus began my daily voyage of discovery into the wonders and wisdom of the world beyond our physical senses. The poems always came to me in deep meditation. I merely took dictation, writing non-stop with pen in hand, paper in my lap ... meaningful, multi-stanza verses in mere minutes. I always wrote with eyes closed, except for the one time the voice told me to open them and look. When I did, I saw that my pen had run out of ink. They didn't want me to miss a word.

I never knew the theme of the day's poem until it came through. Any time I tried to interject my own ideas, the flow abruptly stopped. The rhythm, rhyming pattern, and voice changed frequently, yet always there was a comforting, loving message with the unifying thread of oneness. Those who read them told me the words had a special calming, healing effect. I know this is because they carry the energy of theirSource.



The poets spoke to me for just over year, and then, after receiving Poem #369, they suddenly stopped. The poets' messages could be written a thousand ways, they said, but there were only so many words in the English language that rhymed. The lack of daily contact with the poets left those of us who enjoyed their poetry feeling nothing short of bereft.

I tried to give my helpers a hand by thinking of an opening line or two. It was like throwing my dachshund, Rudy, a toy and telling him to fetch. Nothing came back.

The morning of my birthday, I sat to meditate as usual. I asked the Poets if they were there, and I sensed a shift in the energy. The presence I felt had both a masculine and feminine vibration. It was a far more powerful feeling than what I had grown accustomed to each morning.

"Who are you?" I asked silently. "Are you the Council of Poets?"

The answer was immediate. *"We are the same, but you are to call us 'Sanaya.' You should prepare to write, and write, and write as we give you words of wit and wisdom each day."*

The message gave me a start. A collective consciousness? I was used to feeling one poet at a time. No wonder it felt so strong and multi-faceted now. But what kind of name was 'Sanaya'?

I left my meditation room that morning and went straight to my computer. I logged on to Google and entered "Sanaya" in the search box. I was surprised that the presence had given me such an unusual name. My guides Boris and Sally had told me that our helpers on the other side don't actually have names. It's only we humans who need to put labels on everything. Those in spirit communicate with concepts instead of words and names. They know each other by their vibration.

Boris and Sally knew when they first came to me in the early days of my attunement that I would have a hard time believing they were real. They wisely chose ordinary names and gave me permission to laugh. They were correct that if they'd chosen some other-worldly name I would have disregarded them completely.

Any skepticism I might have had about the source of Sanaya's name disappeared when I read the search results. I learned that Sanaya is a Sanskrit name. Sanskrit is the primary language of Hinduism and a scholarly language in Buddhism. I had never studied the language, so I could not have known that "Sanaya" means,

“Eminent, distinguished, and of the gods.” If I were going to choose a name for a group of guides, I could not have done better. I silently thanked them for the birthday present.

I felt Sanaya's presence the next day, and again on the third morning. This time, my right index finger twitched. The Council of Poets always used this sign to indicate that I should prepare to write. I obediently picked up my pen and cleared my mind. The words began to flow without any conscious thought on my part:

All of the Universe exists for your enjoyment. You are here to play and create, for who are you, but a focus of the consciousness of the Great Creator? It is through your experiences that God experiences God's creations. How else would God be able to play?

The phrases came as fast as I could write them, and my heart beat faster. Just as with the poetry, these words were not my own.

Go forth each day with an attitude of playfulness and joy, knowing that all is in perfect order always. Let this be a mantra which falls from your lips at every moment. As you see things you question, for you think they are mistaken, or perhaps in your mind “wrong,” say this important phrase again: “All is in perfect order always.” As this phrase becomes part of your creative consciousness, sit back and watch the perfection unfold. Laugh with joy as you see what happens when you go through your day in harmony with the flow of the Universe.

On I wrote, a scribe taking dictation for this powerful group's poetic prose . . .

A small coincidence is no longer “luck,” but a living example that you are in the flow ... part of Creation itself, helping to create the perfection that is Life. And then go out and play some more ... creating yet more perfection. And as you do so, smile ... for would not God smile down on God’s creation and say ... “It is good.”

The flow stopped and I reminded myself to breathe. I laid down my pen, opened my eyes, and read the scribbled writing. The words had come through my consciousness, but they clearly originated beyond my conscious mind. I thought back to the days before the poetry started. I would occasionally hear one or two beautiful phrases such as these during my meditation. Each time I had dismissed the words, sure that I was making them up.

My patient unseen friends knew that I now trusted them implicitly. After a year of dictating poems, they had shifted to prose. Once the beautiful messages started, they flowed every morning in meditation and they continue to this day. I started a new blog to post the daily communications, and Sanaya's followers grew. Readers routinely send comments such as, “Sanaya was speaking directly to me today.”

The themes of the daily messages are the same as they were in the poems. Sanaya shares how to bring more love and peace into our lives, and how to align ourselves with our true soul nature. Their advice is always honest and often humorous, but they rarely use the word “should.” To hear the words of Sanaya as they come through and to sit in the presence of that energy is a palpable experience

of love. People tell me they experience the same thing when they read Sanaya's messages, because the words carry the energy of the Source.

That's why I hesitated a few years later when they began their morning message with, *"Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn ..."*

I shook my head and mentally challenged them. *"Are you serious?"*

"Write it down."

I transmitted my reply telepathically. *"It's not very spiritual."*

"Trust us," the voice said. I gave a wry laugh. They definitely knew how to get me. If there was one thing I'd learned over the past years, it was to trust them.

I knew the words did not originate in my conscious mind. I had not come across anything having to do with *Gone With the Wind* in well over a decade. The phrase was so unexpected and out of the ordinary that I knew it was from Sanaya. Nevertheless, I balked because it seemed a bit silly and I didn't want to put the word "damn" in my blog. Still, they told me to trust them. I tuned in closer and clearly received guidance to write the phrase exactly as received. I did so, and once I got past the expletive, the words became decidedly more enlightening:

"Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn." Have you not felt this from others at times? Are there not times when each ego is wrapped up in itself, to the exclusion of all others? That is the nature of ego. It is when ego is overcome by the spirit that true caring occurs. There may be the appearance of caring, but that can be ego in disguise.

Spirit recognizes spirit. You know when an action is taken in the spirit of love versus the spirit of self-aggrandizement.

Where there is true spiritual love, there is true selflessness. Examine your own motives. Do you act in order to get love, or because love is your very nature and cannot help but be expressed? Spirit versus ego. May ego be gone with the wind, ephemeral as it is, only to be replaced with the permanence of true spiritual love, which knows only oneness.

When I heard, “*May ego be gone with the wind ...*” I smiled at Sanaya's cleverness. I would have been satisfied if their creative language and beautiful lesson were the only gift they gave me that morning. Instead, I clearly sensed that I would come across a reference to *Gone with the Wind* within the next 48 hours.

I felt a shiver of anticipation. This was how Sanaya kept me going. During the three years of receiving the daily messages, I often came across a direct reference to their words later that same day. This time, instead of 24 hours, I clearly felt the promised synchronicity would occur by the end of two days. The probability of coming across a reference to *Gone With the Wind* seemed exceedingly slim.

Within an hour of meditating, Ty and I left with our friends Jan and Bob for a Saturday outing to nearby Ocala. Along the way I carefully scanned every billboard, sign, and bumper sticker for anything that might relate to the famous movie. By that evening I hadn't seen or heard anything pertaining to *Gone with the Wind*. I began to feel a bit let down. My helpers were quick to chastise me.

Did we not tell you 48 hours?

I smiled. They were right, of course. We still had 24 hours to go.

Sunday was a rare free day with nothing on my schedule until the evening. I was in the middle of a big book project, but I strangely felt no desire to write. Instead, I spent hours that morning and early afternoon reading. My friend Elizabeth and I had signed up for a week at The Monroe Institute for their introductory *Gateway Experience*. In anticipation of the retreat, I had bought the book *Ultimate Journey* by the institute's founder, Robert Monroe.

I had been working my way through the chapters over the past several days, but until that weekend I hadn't found more than a few free minutes at a time to spend with it. I had the brief thought that perhaps there was something in Monroe's book that related to the movie, *Gone With the Wind*, but that seemed far-fetched. The book dealt with the author's investigations into altered states of consciousness. There was no reason for him to mention a classic Southern movie in a book dealing with metaphysics.

By late Sunday afternoon I was antsy. Sanaya had told me I would find something within 48 hours, and time was running out. Technically, the two days wouldn't end until the following morning, but once I went to bed, I wouldn't have any more conscious experiences.



Ty and I enjoyed dinner, then I retreated to the couch to see if I could finish Monroe's book. I had friends coming at 7:00 PM. This was a weekly gathering in which I brought through Sanaya's messages aloud while in a meditative state. I knew I should be setting up the chairs, but I felt compelled to finish the book. Rudy jumped onto my lap as I rifled through the remaining chapters to see how much more I had to go. I clearly didn't have enough time to finish, but I went back to where I had left off to cover a few more paragraphs.

I was about to put the book down to get ready for my guests, when something made me flip forward a few pages. The words, "I love you," drew me in. My eyes fell on a conversation between Monroe and his wife, Nancy. For some reason, I felt a subtle stirring as I turned another page. Here, Monroe's words were far less technical than in previous chapters as he described the final days of his beloved wife's life.

I noticed two descriptive words about Nancy on the facing page that stood out because they were capitalized: *Southern Lady*. Excitement began to well up within me. I had been looking for a "southern" connection all day. Why had Monroe

mentioned a Southern Lady, and why had he capitalized the words? Time seemed to slow as I turned the next page. I didn't sense Sanaya's presence, but the knowingness that a magical moment was unfolding sent adrenaline rushing to my chest.

I read the line at the top of the page. Monroe wrote that Nancy, "was always thinking of others first." In Sanaya's message the day before, they had spoken of the same attribute: "*Where there is true spiritual love, there is true selflessness.*" I acknowledged the similarity of thought, but I needed something more substantive.

I knew I shouldn't have been challenging Sanaya. They had proven themselves countless times over the years. This time it felt as if they were challenging *me*.

I checked my watch. My guests were due any minute. The movie connection was here. I knew it. I jumped ahead and turned the page without reading every word. My eyes were drawn like metal to a magnet to the prize I had been waiting for. I could not have missed the words, for they shined as if illuminated by the bright lights of a theater's grand marquis:

"*She had commenced writing two books,*" Monroe wrote about his wife. He described the first book, and then the second: "*... a modern version of Scarlett O'Hara.*"

I simultaneously gasped and jumped up from the couch, dumping poor Rudy onto the floor. I didn't realize how loudly I had reacted until Ty came running from the other room.

"What's the matter?" He asked with concern. "Are you okay?"

"It's here!" I babbled. "*My Gone with the Wind* connection! I found it just like they said I would! I can't believe it!"

My husband did not share my enthusiasm. Now that he knew that nothing was wrong, his concern changed to annoyance. "I thought you were having a heart attack."

I apologized for frightening him, but the joy I felt overcame any chagrin. Ty returned to what he was doing, while I did a happy dance around the living room. I clearly sensed a group of beings laughing and celebrating with me, and I sent them my love.

"*I knew it,*" I transmitted with a wave of gratitude. "*I knew you were real.*"

I hadn't imagined the silly opening phrase of Sanaya's message or made up the beautiful sentiments that followed. I hadn't fantasized their assurance that I would find a reference to *Gone with the Wind* within 48—not 24—hours. What impressed me more than anything was that they knew exactly what book I was reading that weekend and exactly how long it would take me to get to the part that

mentioned Scarlett O'Hara. When time was running out, they unerringly guided me to keep turning the pages.

My friends arrived minutes later while I was still celebrating. We called our group the Heart Circle, because the love between us was so strong. We had been gathering weekly for two years to listen to Sanaya's guidance. When I told them that Sanaya had just pulled off a really good one, they quickly took their seats to hear the details.

I shared the story of the past 48 hours, culminating with the gift of "Scarlet O'Hara." Like me, none of my Heart Circle friends could recall anything that had made them think of *Gone with the Wind* in recent memory. When I expressed my delight at the incredible synchronicity, they couldn't understand why I was surprised. I shrugged sheepishly and pointed to the picture on the wall of me in a camouflage uniform chatting with the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

You can take Suzanne out of the Navy, but ...

My friends rolled their eyes and admonished me.

Yes, I knew better. It was Rudy the Sailing Wiener Dog who had convinced me beyond a doubt that guides are real. It happened in the early days of the Heart Circle gatherings. I always prepared for the sessions by meditating for a few minutes before the group arrived. I would sit in my study and quiet my mind. After some deep breathing, I would shift my consciousness and ask my guides to gather near.



That evening I finished my meditation early, so I went to the living room to wait for everyone. I sat quietly on the couch while Ty worked at the dining room table across the room. About thirty seconds after I sat down, Rudy raised his head from the bed where he rested ten feet in front of me. Moments later he got up and moved towards me. The couch divided a large room in two. There was nothing behind me but a small sitting area. Halfway to the couch Rudy stopped, sat down, and stared at the empty space behind me. He then moved his head to another point more to the right, and then a bit higher in the far corner.

“Ty,” I said quietly. “Look at Rudy.”

We studied the dog in silence. He looked just like a child who was watching fireflies in the yard. His head moved in jerky movements from one seemingly random spot to another.

“He’s looking at something,” Ty said with a touch of wonder.

Pleased that my husband saw the same thing I did, I replied, “Or someone.”

I had asked my guides to gather near me. From Rudy's unusual actions, it appeared they were doing exactly that—hanging out in our living room until the Heart Circle arrived.

Thirty more seconds passed, and then Rudy crossed the remaining distance to the couch and jumped onto my lap. Instead of settling down, he sat on his haunches and stared fixedly over my left shoulder. I kept my eyes riveted on Rudy's, but he seemed oblivious to me. *"Whoever you are,"* I said slowly in my mind, *"move to my right shoulder."*

In perfect response to my request, in a magical moment that is forever burned in my memory, Rudy's head and eyes moved slowly and deliberately from my left shoulder to my right. It was as if an invisible doctor held up an index finger and said, "Follow along with me."

I don't know what Rudy saw. Maybe it was a wispy figure. Maybe it was a shimmering flame or a ball of light. What I do know is that it was very real, and it accentuated what I know beyond any doubt: Everything is energy. Our brains limit us to the full spectrum of frequencies that are around us. Just because we can't detect higher frequencies with our physical senses doesn't mean they don't exist.

When I think of all the times I thought I had to handle my challenges alone, I shake my head. Still, I know that our paths unfold exactly as they're supposed to. If someone had told me before I was ready to hear it that I had a guide named Boris

and a group of guides named Sanaya, I wouldn't have believed them. It is because I have experienced the presence of these higher beings so personally that my belief in them is now unshakeable.

My life has been transformed since I made the acquaintance of my personal *Team*. Knowing that none of us is ever alone, that we are loved beyond words, and that any question we ask will be answered when we ask it has given me a new way to look at the world.

There is no way to prove the existence of spirit guides and angels at this point in time. Some may read these words and roll their eyes, just as I used to. The difference now is that I have felt the presence of my guides and angels. I have heard them, and my dog has seen them.

So, frankly, my dear ... well, you get the idea.





What is Life Like in the Afterlife?

The following words were received from my guides, Sanaya, in one continuous download that lasted for one hour and twelve minutes. They answer a question from Dr. Kenneth Ring, a leading expert in near-death experiences (NDE). Dr. Ring had asked me what those on the other side tell us their life is like. I was unable to give him an answer, because the analytical, logic-based, left-brained side of me insisted that lacking evidence, I couldn't prove what I might hear from those in spirit.

I prayed to be released of my limiting beliefs, and my prayers were answered when Sanaya insisted that I write their words as they dictated them through my consciousness. After reading this transmission, Dr. Ring, who has interviewed and reported the accounts of thousands of people who have had an NDE, said, *"I don't think I have ever read a more astonishing document, addressed to me, in my life. I am somewhere between awe and amazed."*

In the past, my head was unable to accept accounts about the afterlife without verifiable evidence. My heart now tells me that no proof is necessary. I feel the truth in these words. May you hold them in your heart as well, and decide for yourself ...



We address ourselves now to the one known as Kenneth Ring, a messenger in his own light. There has arisen in him a curiosity about life on the other side of the veil and he has not known why. Kenneth, we wish you to know now that we have used you to bring this one, our channel, to a new level of trust and attunement.

Your questions raised in her the awareness of that which lay below the surface: a dissatisfaction with her lack of knowledge about the other side through her own need to have evidence. She blocked our messages with this attitude of needing perfection. This blockage has been removed by an act of Grace this weekend, and suddenly, much to her surprise, all of the awareness that had been given to her over the years of connecting across the veil is coalescing into a grand picture of life on the other side, as you call it.

So, allow us to put into words through the English language for the first time the concepts which this one has known at a soul level, but did not trust herself enough to put into one great tapestry. Do you see now how you have been used? And we thank you.

As to the so-called other side, it is not a place, but a state of consciousness. What place are you in each night as you dream? Can you pinpoint it on your map? Yet it is very real to you, is it not? The experiences you have in your dreams are very real, very solid. You move about as you do in human form, yet lo! Suddenly you are flying.

Yes, this one is now entertaining the awareness that it is no accident that you were not available to take her phone call this afternoon, for this experience of actively channeling us with eyes open whilst typing is yet another gift to her thanks to you, Kenneth.

But we digress ... Allow us to return to your dreams, which is where we can most easily communicate with all of you, you understand ...

There you are, walking about in your dreams one "moment" (for there is no time in your dreams ... do you not exist in a timeless state in your dreams in which one second is equivalent to one hour or one year or one lifetime? You will excuse us if we ramble... and the next so-called moment, why, you take off and are flying! It is magical, is it not?

This is true freedom. There is no sense of pain. There is no hunger. Yet, there are emotions. There is a bit of fright at times, as well as moments of sheer bliss.

Welcome to the first level of consciousness after passing ... but only ... and this is quite important, if you have passed to the other side having achieved a level of consciousness that is relative to the mass of human consciousness. In other words, most of your fellow human beings who have not done much homework in the arena of raising their consciousness will find themselves in this dreamlike place/state of walking, flying, eating, singing, studying, playing golf, living in houses, playing a musical instrument, and all of those other so-called human activities which you enjoy now.

That word "enjoy" is quite important. Why would you eat on the other side, you ask, and we wish to tell you that it is not for nutrition, but for the sheer enjoyment of it. Would it not be "heaven" to be able to eat ten of your berry pies and not blow up like a big, fat berry yourself? Yes, of course we have a sense of humor. Why do you think we have linked you and the channel together. (For the humor you so enjoy)

And we digress yet again to comment that yes, it is perfect that the channel is typing without glasses so that she remains in a state of blurriness, otherwise the left side of her brain would continuously want to kick in and allow ego to have its say here. At this moment she is doing a most excellent job of holding the connection with us.



And so, returning to the subject at hand, if you always wanted to sky dive, and you arrive on the other side at the first-level-of graduation consciousness, why then you sky dive at will. The airplane magically appears, and perhaps it is flown by your best friend from high school who always wanted to be a pilot. And when the time comes to jump out of the plane, why, you don't even need a parachute and you feel no fear. It is quite the thrill, and you realize, "I am creating this! I am controlling this dream!"

And therein lies the key. The more of these realizations you have that you are creating your experiences and that creation is instantaneous, the less you need to hold onto this lower level of human-like consciousness. Your parachute disappears first, and then your flight suit, and you find yourself naked, and do you know what? You are not embarrassed, for you realize, "Wait a moment! This body is no more real than my parachute! I no more need this body than I need a parachute!" But you still wish to have form, and so you now don a white robe. Or perhaps you have always liked purple. It matters not. The meaningful point here is that you have just moved up a notch and no longer need your "human suit."

You have now graduated to the next level up on the ladder of consciousness. You dress in robes (but only if your consciousness wishes to differentiate yourself from the others you now find about you in robes). And what are you doing there "all day" (in this environment in which the sun never sets, yet in which you do not see the sun -- there is simply an ever-present warm glow that you feel as much as you see)?

You and your robed friends no longer eat, for you have finally satisfied those human desires for simple pleasures and instant gratification. You have now realized that gratification is the result of simply knowing who you are. You know who you are -- a being in a state of being, and you experience gratitude and the awareness that you are love. You now want nothing more than to share that love with others and to help them rise to the level you have achieved. You realize that this is what "it" is all about -- this experience of differentiated consciousness. You realize that you have arisen from the sea of undifferentiated consciousness, but you are not yet ready to return fully to that state. You have work to do.

You now take on a mission of a higher kind. You become a spirit guide to others, or perhaps you help those who have recently passed over, or perhaps you minister to those who have taken their own lives. You may help those who find themselves at the sub-levels of human consciousness --- those who never did fully grasp the concept of love whilst in human form and perpetuated acts of so-called evil. They are not left to feel their remorse alone. You may decide to stand silently at their side to let them know that when they are ready to face their actions they will be guided gently and lovingly to a higher level.

And as you do this work you are rewarded, for the same law that is in effect at the human level comes into play: you reap what you sow. You have now done a tour of duty in this level. You make a choice as to how you can benefit the whole in the greatest capacity. As your learning increases and your growth increases along with it, you are "rewarded" by your own actions and you move up the ladder as it were.

Now you no longer need a robe. Now you are pure light. Now you circulate more freely amongst those at the other levels. You may visit those in the human consciousness realms on particular missions, or at the other levels. You may be seen as an orb or as an angel. Those with eyes to see will see your glow. Your fellow lights know you by the particular glow or vibration of your light, and so, you see, you have no need for names or clothes. What do you do all day? You are. You love. By your very presence you raise the consciousness of the whole. You teach. You glow. You need not DO anything. Your environment is not an environment. You no longer have need for houses, or schools, or music, or things. Your music is the vibration of love. It is all around you and you know it as you. Yet still, you know there is more. There is the entirety of all that is you.

Now, we wish to explain that one does not necessarily rise through the ranks, as it were, in a linear fashion. Life is like a spiral. Growth occurs in this spiral fashion. You are not actually slipping backwards should you decide to have another go at it as a human, for you will return to human form vibrating at a higher level and taking back with you more love than the last time you incarnated. And so it is when you leave. Over and over you may return to that state of consciousness immediately following loss of the human body where there is form and structure and clothing and berry pies, until one

day you have risen high enough on the spiral that you decide you are ready to take it to the next level. And that is how it goes ... spiraling, spiraling at the exact pace that is right for your soul.

There is no competition with other souls. There is no race. There is no judgment or comparison. There is blending, however ... blending of soul energy the higher you go, like a pyramid (picture, if you will, your food pyramid or your Maslow's hierarchy as a spiral within a triangle, rising, blending, coalescing, all of you, until you reach the pinnacle of "existence" and MERGE. Can you FEEL this? Close your eyes for a moment and merge with your very Self.

That state of perfect blending with All That Is lies within all of you always. It is the recognition of this, your Source, your Essence, that keeps you--all of you--moving ever onward and upward along the spiral.

Yes, yes, this one is now realizing how those channels such as Esther Hicks can channel with eyes open. It is an unfocused state of focus, or a focused state of unfocusedness. We hope you are laughing along with us. It is quite easy, she is discovering, and we rejoice with all of you.

And so, consciousness creates your reality. What is your state of consciousness now? Then that will be your reality the moment you pass to the other side. Do you have attachments to food and music and things and people? Then you will need to surround

yourself with those things when you get to the other side, and so it will be. Do you expect nothing but darkness? Then that will be your experience, but only for a brief time, until one of the beings of light standing at your side helps you to open your eyes and see the light.

Have you achieved the state of consciousness where you realize now that you could live very well without food and music and things, but you very much appreciate them? Do you realize now that you are the love you seek? Do you want nothing more than to help your fellow man? Do you feel compassion and understanding for all of your fellow beings, no matter their transgressions in this lifetime? Why then, our friend, we daresay you will jump to the head of the class, catapulting right over the heads of those souls sitting in classrooms on the other side, right past those falling out of perfectly good spirit airplanes, and right past the bakery display cases to live amongst the robed beings, or perhaps like the one known as Wolf you will go directly to the realm of the angels and carry on your learning and your good works.

You create your own reality... here, now, and in every now-moment that follows, for now is all there is.

This one did suddenly allow into her consciousness the seed of doubt that oh my goodness, we are addressing a foremost expert in near death experiences and what if and we remind her now ... and she is at ease in the knowing of the Source of these words. And we assure her that these descriptions and these explanations are consistent with your findings, Kenneth Ring, even though this one, the channel, has not

the depth of knowledge you do in this regard. She does not need it. We have been bringing to her for years now beings from each of these levels we have described.

Allow us to digress a moment and tell you that the levels are not clearly delineated as many would desire. We will not number them or label them precisely, although we have attempted to do so somewhat with a bit of humor to satisfy your human curiosity and desires to stratify and quantify and qualify ... but these different experiences are simply notes on a scale rising every higher ... different tones of vibration with specific experiences pertaining to each note. What song are you singing now? That will be the song you hear when you pass from your physical body.

We hope you have enjoyed the lesson, and we wish you goodnight.





Afterword

I hope that the information I've shared with you here has piqued your interest in the greater reality of which you are a part. Those on the other side continually give me lessons, stories, and wonder to share, so I invite you to visit my website often and enjoy.

- Over 1000 messages filled with love and guidance for living a balanced life. On the "The Daily Way" page you can sign up to receive each new message as it's posted.
- Written transcripts and the audio recordings of extended sessions with Sanaya. Here you can tangibly feel the refined vibrations of their messages.

- Inspirational essays about love, life lessons, and the ongoing growth of the soul in my blog, “Musings from Suzanne.”
- Three specially recorded guided meditations--my gift to aid you on your spiritual journey.
- Videos and interviews filled with evidence from the greater reality, laced with healing messages of hope.
- Links to my books about the afterlife and collections of daily inspiration from Spirit.
- Information about upcoming classes and events designed to uplift and show you how to make your own connection with higher consciousness.

Wishing you many blessings on your journey ...

Suzanne Gieseemann

www.SuzanneGieseemann.com

www.dailyway.org

